

SHORT ACCOUNT
OF
GOD'S DEALINGS
WITH

Mrs. ELIZABETH MAXFIELD,

WIFE OF

The Rev. THOMAS MAXFIELD;

From the Time of her being awakened at
the Beginning of Mr. WHITEFIELD'S
Preaching till her Death.

Who died of an Asthma, NOVEMBER 23, 1777.

In a Letter to a Friend, who earnestly desired it
might be published.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVIII.

[Price Six-pence.]

SHORT ACCOUNT
OF
GOD'S DEALINGS

WITH
MRS. ELIZABETH MAXFIELD

WIFE OF
THE REV. THOMAS MAXFIELD

From the Time of her Conversion at
the Baptism of her Son



Wrote and Published by

In a Letter to a Friend, who candidly dealt in
the matter of Faith.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. W. PARKMAN, in Finsbury
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(Price Sixpence)

My dear Friend,

ACCORDING to your desire, I have given you a short Account of our dear departed friend's life and death, having gathered together a few fragments, that have been given to me from time to time, and part of what I have had the knowledge of myself.----I bless the Lord I can appeal to him for the truth of all I have said, and hope it will be a blessing to your heart, in reading, as it has been to mine in writing it. I am,

Your friend and servant in CHRIST JESUS,

THOMAS MAXFIELD.

My dear Friend,

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Your friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

THOMAS MAXFIELD.

[6]

~~Letter of Mr. Whitefield to Mrs. Maxfield~~

Lord's vineyard in London—As well as
one of his first Christian, intimate friends.
I have one letter by me, that she received
from him from Death, the first time he went
to Georgia. **SHORT ACCOUNT**
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were not published, I believe, when Mr.
Whitefield's other letters were, it may not be
amiss, to let the world have the benefit of
reading them—since the receiver, as well as
LIFE AND DEATH

OF MRS. MAXFIELD.

SOON after Mr. Whitefield was ordained
deacon, he began to preach in the
churches, in London; the gentlewoman
she boarded with, one day, came home,
and told her, that she had heard a very
young clergyman preach; he was more like
an angel, than a man, and begged her to
go to hear him the next day, telling her
where he was to preach, she went, and from
that time, never left the gospel, till she left
the world.—She was one of the very first

fruits of Mr. Whitefield's labours, in the LORD's vineyard in London—As well as one of his first Christian, intimate friends. I have one letter by me, that she received from him from Deal, the first time he went to Georgia, dated *January 1737-8*, and two more soon after. And as these letters were not published, I believe, when Mr. Whitefield's other letter's were, it may not be amiss, to let the world have the benefit of seeing them.—Since the receiver, as well as the writer of *them*; are safe landed in the kingdom of glory.

OF Mrs. MAXFIELD.

SOON after Mr. Whitefield was ordained a deacon, he began to preach in the churches in London; the gentleness of the board with, one day, came home, and told her that she had heard a very young clergyman preach; he was more like an angel, than a man, and begged her to go to hear him the next day, telling her that time, never left the gospel, till the last of the world—she was one of the very first

LETTER

A 3

L E T T E R I.

Deal, Jan. 16, 1737-8.

Dear Miss

MY prayers are not worth thanks. Such, as they are, without a compliment, freely give I unto you—You do well, Miss, to reflect upon so much time you have mispent, by living in a constant neglect of the means of grace, and thereby depriving your poor soul, of that spiritual nourishment, by which it might have grown rich for eternal glory.—But blessed be God, he hath at length awakened you out of such a fatal lethargy! Blessed be his holy name that he has awakened you by my ministry, and caused you to cry out, What shall I do to be saved? To which I answer in the Apostle's words, repent and be converted, and your sins shall be blotted out, This, this is the door that leads into CHRIST'S sheep-fold—This is that strait gate which opens into

everlasting life. Enter, dear Miss Branford, in thereat. It is true, it is narrow, and therefore you must strive, strive with the world,—strive with the devil,—strive with your own treacherous heart.—This you will find the most potent enemy.—Subdue this, bring this into subjection, and the world and the devil shall find nothing in you.—But how must you do this? Why first, you must be convinced, that you cannot do it of yourself, for it is a work of absolute omnipotency. None but he who made can reform the heart. To whom then must you flee for succor, but to JESUS CHRIST, who for his infinite mercies sake will purify and cleanse it. But will barely looking up to CHRIST cleanse it? No, you must be a worker together with him. You must deny yourself, you must renounce the world, you must take up your cross, must use all the means of grace, you must be despised and rejected of men, and have your name cast out as evil. What say you Miss Branford? are you *willing* to submit to all this? Methinks I hear you say, *I am*, and shall be able, to do more than this through JESUS CHRIST strengthening me. Go on then and prosper. Distrust yourself and trust

trust in the living God. Give JESUS CHRIST your whole heart, and let him do with you what seemeth him good.—Let him guide you by his wisdom here, and verily I say unto you, he shall receive you into glory hereafter. You see, dear Miss, how soon I have answered your request.—May God reward you for all your kind wishes, may he sanctify what is written, and accept your thanks and prayers for dear Miss,

Your sincere friend,

and servant,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

LETTER

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

L E T T E R II.

Ireland, Kilrush, Nov. 16, 1738.

Dear Miss,

SHALL I have the pleasure of seeing you grown in grace a few days hence? God has brought me on dry land to my great joy.—Nothing will damp it more than seeing any that were fervent in spirit when I left London, cold, languid, and quite dead to God and holiness.

But I cannot even suspect such a thing of Miss Branford, and her companions.—They were seemingly earnest once.—And nothing I trust, has made them cast off their first love.—For there is no happiness but in God.

Presuming then, dear Miss, that you strive to follow JESUS CHRIST, let me exhort you more and more to renounce yourself and the world; and then religion will be like the light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

I am, dear Miss,

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

[II]

L E T T E R III

Wrote at Sea, dated at *Philadelphia*,
Nov. 3, 1739.

Dear Miss Branford,

TH^O when I came first to London, I thought you had not made the progress that might be expected in twelve months for want of company ; yet your last behavior gave me reason to think, you was yet alive to God.—Oh, dear Miss Branford, do not slumber nor sleep, but be always trimming your spiritual lamp, knowing you are shortly to meet the bride-groom, study the simplicity of Jesus more and more, and strive to imitate those matrons, who not only administered to our Lord of their substance, but also followed him to the accursed tree.—Love, love for Jesus casts out all fear.—No doubt they were reproached for his namesake and accounted mad women, but they had a faith which enabled them at that time to

to overcome the world!—And by which they climbed up to heaven.—My dear Miss Branford, be thus minded!—And may I see her at that day amongst those holy virgins, which knew not what it was to burn with any other flame, but the love of JESUS CHRIST! — Cultivating an acquaintance with Miss Del---, and the Miss Cl---, will be a step towards bringing you thither,

Dear Miss Branford,

I am your friend and servant,

GEO. WHITEFIELD.

The word laid fast hold of her heart. She saw herself a poor, helpless, lost creature, had no rest in her soul, day or night. And, as David says, her sins were a fore burthen to her more than she was able to bear. Walking in all the ways of the Lord, she was aiming, as most are in this state of soul, to heal that deadly wound by her own power, —and the more she aimed at this (as I have often heard her say) the more lost she saw herself, the more vile, the more helpless, till the latter part of this conflict, her mind was in such distress, that she was afraid to go to sleep at night, lest she should wake in Hell; and thought all she did was sin, as she could do nothing in faith, she saw sin in her prayers and every thing besides. Thus she went on crying to the LORD, that he would have mercy upon her, at length he heard and answered her cry, and sent her help from his holy hill, and from his dwelling-place.—He received the poor returning prodigal; he fell on her neck and took her into his favor.—The dear LORD JESUS, gave her a clear and full sense of his pardoning love upon her heart.—She no more questioned her sins being forgiven, than she questioned her existence.—The Heavens that before, were blackness, and horror to her

her soul; now shone bright upon her, by Jesus's love surrounding her wherever she went.—Her mouth was open as well as her heart, saying, (wherever she had opportunity) to all around her, "Come, taste and see how good the LORD is."

At this time I have frequently heard her say, she spent most of her nights in praising the LORD Jesus, and often did not close her eyes all the night, through the happiness she enjoyed; as before she could not sleep on the account of her misery and distress.—

Can any one suppose, that such a state of misery, horror, guilt and darkness can be removed; and joy, peace, pardon and love take place without the person who felt both being sensible thereof? May we not sooner suppose that a violent racking fit of the gout, or stone, might almost torment a person to death; and on its being removed in a moment the sufferer, and the enjoyer, not to know any thing, or at least very little of the matter?

Oh! how wise are we got in the gospel *by this time*? We hear in this day, (but it is by the base-born children of the gospel)*

* If children of the Mother's, yet NOT on the FATHER's side! They know nothing of him, but by hearsay; as all they say about him testify.

that

that we need not be afraid, if we have not felt ourselves thus lost, nor if we never have had this clear sense of God's love in our hearts. There are many of his dear children, that never have felt, either their being lost or saved.

Amazing vile doctrine put off for gospel! God's dear children never knew their Father's name!---What Jesu's dear sheep, never knew their shepherds voice!---Does this agree with the Bible? Is it not as directly in opposition to it, as if when God said, the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.---The author of the above assertions, should say, "Nay, thou shalt not die; but thou shalt be like God's knowing good and evil?"---And should continue to say, thou mayest be a believer, and not know thy sins to be forgiven! Thou mayest belong to Jesus CHRIST, the good shepherd, and be one of his sheep; and yet not know his voice! And though he positively says the contrary, thou needest not regard what he says as to that point, so as to be uneasy about it; only keep under the word.---Hold what is *now* called the doctrines of the gospel, and that will hold thee, as fast in his arms, and in his power, as he desires to have thee.---

If

If he can keep thee from undergoing this change, he well knows he will keep thee out of the kingdom of grace here, and out of the kingdom of glory in the world to come.

I bless the LORD JESUS, my dear departed friend, could never rest without her heart's being happy, with his presence shining upon her.---But as you will see by and by, she did not always enjoy, what she might have enjoyed, had she listened less to the tempter's voice from another quarter.

At length the tempter and enemy of souls, appearing as an angel of light prevailed upon her, to look more at the fruits of faith, than at the promises of the gospel; by which means, she was often, very often, kept in a state of bondage and fear, not enjoying that peace and happiness, which is for the children of the kingdom on this side the grave.

When Mr. Whitefield returned from Georgia the first time to be ordained priest, and began to preach in the fields, she was one of his most constant attendants and most intimate friends, never missed his preaching, or any opportunity of being with him, by which means, the LORD

again lifted up the light of his reconciled countenance upon her heart, and made her glad, in the present enjoyment of his pardoning love in her soul: neither could she rest contented *in any wise*, to the day of her death, without this peace of God which passeth all understanding shining clear within.—I have heard Mr. Whitefield and her speak of those times with great delight,---Saying to each other “ this “ was heaven upon earth; no thinking of “ evil, no speaking evil of each other, “ all like little children, loving Jesus “ CHRIST, his ways, his people, and every “ person, and every thing, that had any “ marks about them, of belonging to him: “ bearing reproach, either with resigned “ silence, or triumphing joy. Oh! said “ Mr. Whitefield, (the last time I heard “ them converse upon that head) what “ would I not give, or suffer, or do, to “ see such times again upon earth!---But “ oh! that division, that division, what “ slaughter has it made.”

Thus she continued happy beyond expression all the time Mr. Whitefield continued in England. And when he went abroad again, he delivered her, me, and

many thousands more in the land, into the hands of those, he thought he could have trusted them with, for CHRIST's sake; and who would have given them back to him again at his return.—BUT ALAS IT WAS NOT SO!

At his return, began that unhappy division hinted at above.—It was doctrine that caused the difference, or at least it was so pretended; for I heard Mr. Whitefield say at the Tabernacle in the presence of five or six ministers a little before he left England the last time, to one of the gentlemen concerned, “ I delivered more than thirty
 “ thousand people who at that time would
 “ have pluckt their eyes out for me, into
 “ the hands of your brother and you
 “ when I went abroad; and by the time
 “ I came back, you had so turned their
 “ hearts against me, that not three hundred of them would as much as come
 “ to hear me.” And pointing to me, he said, “ he and his wife are two.—He some
 “ of the first fruits of my ministry at Bristol,
 “ and she at London.” I could only be silent, for I knew it was true.

At this time of his second return to England, I had been acquainted with her,
 many

many months, and well knew the love and regard she had for him, as being the minister that the Lord was pleased to use, in calling her out of darkness and sin, to seek the knowledge of salvation, as you see by his Letters. Her heart as well as that of many more was greatly delighted, at the thoughts of seeing, and hearing him again! He preached a few times in connection with his old friends.—But ah! how soon was the sword of contention drawn!—which has continued unsheathed to this day; and has slain its thousands outright, as well as drained away from thousands more, that great criterion, that CHRIST has left us, whereby his disciples shall be known by all men; namely, “That they love one another.”

Yet what is most amazing, that all are so conceitedly full of their own wisdom and knowledge as to declare, both in the pulpit, and in print, &c. that whatsoever they do, is out of pure love to CHRIST, his cause, his truths, and his people.—But where can you find any of these loving ones, *of either party*, that will give up one grain of his own self-will and pride? Is not this what they love? Is not this the goddess Diana, which they

want all the world to fall down and worship? One says, Lo CHRIST, is only to be found in my opinion; the other says, he only is to be found in the doctrines which I hold. Read their vile contentions, and the evil characters, they give each other, raking the filthiest jakes to find some black story, to hold up to the blind world, for generations to come! But against whom? Their fellow preachers, of the gospel; as they will tell you in the page or sentence before; or in that which follows soon after.

Wo be to them that use the art, wisdom and power, the LORD has given them only to keep up this shittlecock to amuse the people, in the place of preaching the gospel to them; and by that means have a party power over them to lead them into the same spirit on both sides, as that of Wilkes and Liberty in the world, and *that* has altogether as much of the spirit of the gospel in it, as theirs! Is this doing as they desire others would do to them? Is this bearing each others burthens and covering each others faults or weaknesses? —Is this forgiving each other (if any have a quarrel with his brother) as they desire

GOD

GOD for CHRIST sake, should forgive them? Rather, is he not counted (by himself and his own party, at least) the best preacher, the best writer, and the best man, that can cut and slay, with this sword, of bitterness, wrath, and envy, which remains to this day unsheathed, from the time above mentioned, witness both hymns and prose, that first began to appear in the world, (to the shame of the authors) above thirty-five years ago, but still more to their shame, is what they have sent out into the world against each other on both sides, about five or six years ago, and till this very time. Some of it is covered with a little more of the serpent's arts, but not one grain more of the spirit of the gospel in it.—All this time and pains have been spent, for what?—Not to destroy sins, but poor sinners! For has there been one soul converted from darkness to light? And from the power of Satan to JESUS CHRIST? I doubt you will not find by all this war any!—Let this be remembered by all concerned, in this wicked contention.—“ If
 “ the light that is in thee (even that of
 “ the Bible) be darkness,—Oh! how great
 “ is that darkness?”

When this contention began, both she and I, and many thousands more, were warned by the persons into whose hands Mr. Whitefield had intrusted us till he should return, to take us under his care again, not to go near him upon any consideration! Not near enough to him, to hear his voice, in the fields! No not by all that was sacred.—This caused us to shed many a tear together; and was a means of bringing her into such a state; that for a long time she was afraid she should not be saved at last! And have not these contentions, the same bad effects upon many to this day? And upon others still worse? Even to make them leave off all religion! Oh! What havock has this made for near thirty-five years? And yet must this pride and self-will be held up for gospel, until the professors of both sides have filled up the measure of their shame.—And have given full testimony to all the world, for generations to come; that they are holding the truths *they do bold*, in unrighteousness; and declaring by their words and works, that they have no more love in their hearts to each other, than so many Turks, and Infidels, who are just ready for battle gainst one another.

When

When Mr. Whitefield left London again, she became more settled in her mind, and after some time recovered a good degree of her former happiness, but was mostly of a doubtful disposition. And continued in a very fluctuating state, till about the year 1761. When at the sacrament, amongst some private friends, (which we had every day for years together following the example in *Acts* ii. 46.) The LORD sealed a promise upon her heart, that she never lost to the day of her death! It was *John* x. 28. "And I will give unto them eternal life, "and they shall never perish, neither "shall any pluck *them* out of my hands." —I have known her many, many times when she has been almost ready to sink under the Buffetings of Satan, and when she could not see all the fruits of faith, that she could wish; to have been restored to peace and happiness, by that promise (sometimes coming into her mind, and at other times I have remembered her of it,) that she has been like a fainting person; restored by a cordial. —Thus fighting against herself, the world, and the Devil; she continued till her last illness. —Though I may say the beginning of her illness was fourteen or fifteen years ago, from

a violent cold she took at that time; and almost every winter since it has grown worse and worse; till this last month. At the beginning of which it seemed as if her disorder was upon the decline. But about eight or ten days before her death, it returned upon her with more violence.— The Monday and Tuesday nights before her death she could not lie down all night, she began to conclude in herself, that her end was drawing near. And was often speaking to me thus; my pain of body is great, for she could hardly breathe. But what is that to what I shall feel in the other world, if I should not be saved at last? I remembered her of the promise, before-mentioned, and it seemed to set her soul free again.—A few hours after she asked me what I thought of her, and if I thought her in a safe state?—I answered, “ Suppose a person had a great
 “ mind for a quantity of jewels, and ven-
 “ tured his life, nay, lost his life, for them,
 “ and came to life again, to secure them; had
 “ put them on board a ship; had conducted
 “ them for many years, through a very
 “ stormy sea, had brought them at length
 “ near the port, where he intended to land
 “ them at the first,—suppose his delight in
 “ them,

“ them, and value for them, was the same,
 “ as when, he laid down his life for them?
 “ Can you think he would let them be lost
 “ at last, for want of a little care, to see
 “ them safe landed!” O! no, said she; I
 see what you mean, that JESUS CHRIST,
 will see, that I am safe landed and will not
 let me be lost at last. Yes said I, that is
 the thing. And as sure as JESUS CHRIST is
 able, he will fulfill his promise to you,
 “ That none shall ever pluck you out of
 “ his hands.”—I feel great confidence in
 him; said she, from what you have said.
 Well said I, give him all the praise, and he
 will take care of you to the end.

Wednesday and Thursday many of her
 friends came to see her, hearing she was so
 ill. But she let no one go out of her com-
 pany without earnestly speaking to them,
 as far as her breath would permit; to look
 to the Lord JESUS; to believe in him, to trust
 in him for all things, and he would do well
 for them here, and give them everlasting life
 in the world to come! O, said she many
 times, “ what manner of love, hath the
 “ father bestowed upon us, that we should
 “ be called, the sons of God! &c. I know,
 “ said she, that my Redeemer liveth, &c.
 “ and

“ and that she often said to me in her health,
 “ that if ever I or any one else spoke of her,
 “ as a funeral sermon, she should be glad it
 “ might be from that text.”—I know that
 my Redeemer, &c. *Joh* xix. 25, 26, 27. But
 she would say, no one can say any thing of
 me that know what a poor doubting crea-
 ture I am, that can be of any service to
 others. Besides, I dont know that ever I
 did any one good thing, or good work in
 my life.—But I will now say, *in a few words*,
 that all who knew her, (and especially the
 poor) knew that she was charitable, kind,
 loving, tender-hearted to all as far as in her
 power, and full of good works, so as often
 times to shame me, though it was hid from
 her own eyes, while she adorned the gospel
 of GOD our SAVIOR.

On Thursday evening, a few friends be-
 ing present, I asked her if she should like to
 have the sacrament? she said, yes, with all
 my heart. We all received it and the LORD
 was pleased to give her such a sense of his
 love, at that time, that when it was over,
 she said, I seem to feel, I have nothing to
 do, but to give up my soul into the hands
 of JESUS CHRIST! I said, my dear what a
 blessing is that! A blessing indeed said she,
 for I have lost all that fear of death that has
 been

been about me so many years.---“ How
 “ many times, in our life-time, have I
 “ been telling you my fears about death
 “ and what I should do at that time.” And
 you always told me it would be as I now
 find it. O how shall I praise the LORD
 JESUS, for his mercy to me all my life, and
 for bringing me safe to this time. I find
 him very precious to my soul! And when
 all of us in the room were in tears, she
 would many times look round upon us,
 (the last two or three days of her life)
 and say, “ well I cannot, I cannot weep
 “ with you, any more; the LORD JESUS
 “ has wiped away all tears from my eyes!
 “ O blessed be his name, that ever he should
 “ have mercy upon such a sinner as I am.
 “ ---I am most amazed of all, at his hav-
 “ ing patience with me these last forty
 “ years since I heard Mr. Whitefield first.”
 ---I said, you and I, my dear shall have
 reason to praise God to all eternity, that he
 sent Mr. Whitefield to call us to *his* gospel
 feast! Yes said she, and I am just going to
 feast with JESUS in his kingdom. And I
 should be glad if your work was done that
 you might be with us. But I am perswad-
 ed it will not be long, and I shall meet
 you

you in our Father's house above. Where we shall be blessed in his presence for ever and ever.

Friday she continued in great pain thro' shortness of breath, and much in the same frame of mind, though often times in the day sore conflicts with satan, telling her, though she had patience now, yet she would live till all her patience was exhausted, and God would leave her at last.---When she and I were alone together, she would tell me every thing that passed upon her mind, I told her the LORD had promised not to lay any more upon her than he would enable her to bear.---I believe it, says she, but satan will be putting these things into my mind.---They trouble me, and keep me from enjoying that fellowship with Christ Jesus that I wish. But I think they do not much hurt me now.---I said no, they cannot harm you, they are only occasions of fighting, that you may conquer him in the Name of Jesus. And as such he will by and by crown you in his kingdom of glory.---I believe it, said she, with all my heart.---But how much trouble have I given you for these many years with my unbelieving fears, and doubts!

But

But they are now very near at an end.---
 No, said I, it is not trouble to me; it is my business, and pleasure, to help the people of God, out of their doubts and fears; and especially you---O said she, how I ought to praise God that you and I ever came together.

In the evening we had a few friends that came to see her, hearing that to all appearance she was near her end.—She asked me if I would give her the sacrament again with these friends, I told her with all my Heart. I did, and asked her when we had done how she found her heart. O said she, it is such a refreshing time, such a happy hour! My soul is delighted with what Jesus has suffered and bought for me.—She continued in that happy, or calm frame of mind, good part of the night; she told me in the morning, that satan had cast many fiery darts at her in the night, but they had no bad effect upon her at all.

Saturday she grew exceeding weak and very low in body, as she never lay down from Thursday morning till she was laid down a corps. When I came to her on Saturday morning, I asked her how she did? She told me very weak; waiting for the happy moment when Jesus would call her to himself

self.---I asked her, how she found her heart? she said calmly waiting and sometimes rejoicing to suffer his will.---I have been thinking much to night, said she, of the sufferings of my dear LORD and SAVIOR. Ah! What a trifle of suffering is mine, when compared to his! And mine are my just due, if it was hell itself! And his, all on the account of our sins.---I said yes, what love was that, in him; to die for us. Yes said she, it breaks my heart, when I think of it; and that I make him no returns of love again. I said all that he desires is, that you may be happy in his love here, and live with him to praise him in his kingdom of glory, for ever and ever. I do love him, said she, with all my heart.

Some young people came to see her, and she exhorted them, very earnestly to turn to the Lord in the time of their youth.---All were affected much, at what she said to them, as she let no one go out of her company without entreating them to trust in the LORD with all their hearts. In this last evening we had another company of friends came to take their last farewell of her. She again desired I would give her the sacrament with them also.---I did and we

were

were all exceedingly blessed with the presence of the LORD. Such a time of joy and grief, I hardly ever knew. She said when sacrament was over; this surely is a great taste of the joys above, where we shall all shortly meet and spend an eternity of love together. But as to me, I shall drink no more of the fruit of the vine, till I drink it with JESUS CHRIST, in the kingdom above!

About ten o'clock that evening I asked her how she found herself? She said, not quite so happy as I was at the sacrament, but I am calmly waiting, when the LORD shall call me to himself.--She desired I would lie down as it grew late; when we had been at prayers I took my leave of her, and went to bed. What passed in the night, you will see, in the letter my friend that sat up with her that last night wrote me.

She desired several times in the night that they would call me up to pray for her release, between five and six on Sunday morning, they called me, when I came into the room, I asked her how she found herself? She said, very low. I asked her if she knew me? She said yes, very well, and I love you dearly too; but I can gladly leave you *now*, to go to JESUS.—And it will not be long before

we

we shall meet in his kingdom to part no more for ever. She desired I would pray for her release. I said, I will pray that the LORD may give you to be resigned to his will, and his time. She answered, yes, that is better, that is the best of all.—We went to prayers and the LORD very much blessed us all.—I then asked her if she had any doubts? She said no, I shall never doubt more; no never doubt more. She then desired we would sing two or three verses of that hymn, *Vide* Hymn-book p. 256.

Oh when shall my spirit take flight
And reach the calm regions above,
View all the redeemed in white,
And dwell in the bosom of love?
There! there! I shall see his sweet face,
Who once cover'd over with blood,
Hung nail'd to the cross in my place,
And dy'd and redeem'd me to God.

There JESUS my leader shall be,
To fountains of heavenly peace,
Mine eyes no more trouble shall see,
For sorrow and sighing shall cease;
Salvation with seraphick fire,
As I follow my LORD I'll proclaim,
For ever and ever admire,
The face and the scars of the Lamb.

'Till join'd to the heavenly throng,
 Sereness inhabit my soul,
 It cannot, it cannot be long,
 Since time never ceases to roll;
 O Lamb! 'till I see thee above,
 This blessing of blessings impart,
 Thy presence, and Calvary's—love,
 Be ever impress'd on my heart.

she joined with her lips, though she had not strength to join with her voice. After we had sung three verses, she leaned back in her chair, we thought she was near departing, I put my face to hers, and asked her if she was happy? She said yes, yes, and breathed one breath more, which was her last breath, upon my Lips, and departed, just ten minutes before six in the morning to keep that Sabbath with the LORD Jesus in his kingdom of glory.

She often prayed, that she might not lose her senses till her death, lest she should say any thing that might displease God, her desire was granted in this also.

There was something very particular in the room for a considerable time; an awful silence seemed to strike us all. As though there were some invisible attendants, come

to assure us that they had taken her happy soul to her Father's house above. It seemed to have such an effect upon us all, that we could only speak to each other in whispering.---What feelings of grief and joy then surrounded my heart, can be known only by those that have been in the like situation, and have sustained the loss of such a friend. I can wish for no greater bliss than to be as ready when the LORD shall call me. Then may I cry, come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

L E T T E R,

Reverend and Dear SIR,

I can only recollect a few sentences which are as follows.---Behold what manner of love the father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.---She started up once in the night, as awaked from a sweet sleep, looked hard at me and said, Oh Miss R---. Jesus is worth dying for! I long to be gone; then repeated the following lines;

O when

O when shall my spirit take flight,
 And reach the calm regions above;
 View all the redeemed in white,
 And bask in the beams of his love.

Another time, she said, I know that my redeemer liveth.--I know in whom I have believed.---Oh, pray for my release.---Call Mr. Maxfield to pray for my release.---Satan tempts me to impatience to think it long e'er I am delivered.---I answered, but you are not impatient.---No she replied, God forbid I should be impatient or murmur at his dealings with me, for what?---I have nothing to murmur at. Oh, what a mercy it is, I have every blessing I can wish for.---And all the comforts of life.---About an hour before she died, she said, Oh! when will this conflict be over? meaning the conflict between life and death.---For all that time she did not seem to have any combat with Satan, which once or twice in the day she expressed she had, and desired us to pray for her.---Again she repeated.

O when shall my spirit take flight? &c.
 It cannot be long! No more trouble with pulling off these Clothes! No, no more trouble with pulling off these clothes? All that is over.

While she was thus longing to be gone, I had a particular sensation of the attendance of the ministrig spirits, and that they only waited the word of command, to convoy her happy soul to the regions of bliss.---Her spirit was remarkably simple, and childlike; fully expressing that mark of true conversion our LORD declared necessary for the kingdom.---Inasmuch, that it seemed to infuse itself into my soul!---And made me say to those about her, as they had occasion to go in and out of the room.---Don't mind leaving me by myself with her, for I am not afraid to have her die alone with me; her spirit is so sweet and simple, it banishes all fear.---She gave benedictions to all around her, and all that came to see her; exhorting us all to trust in the LORD, and in him alone.---The manner of her death cannot be better expressed than by an infant's falling asleep at its mother's breast! So easy, so gently, did she fall asleep in the arms of divine love.

4. AP 54

Hallelujah.

F I N I S.

